

Pam
Biog.
cop. 2

NOV 15 1933

In Memoriam

Arthur Cushman McGiffert

1861-1933

ALUMNI BULLETIN OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NEW YORK CITY

VOL. IX, No. 1

OCTOBER, 1933

PRAYER

O GOD, who hast made us heirs in this Seminary of a noble company of scholars and teachers and men of God, who sought truth unafraid because they believed that Thou art light and that all gains of knowledge would make Thee more manifest, we beseech Thee to render us not unworthy to be numbered in their fellowship.

More especially we thank Thee for this Thy servant, whose abundant labors for theological learning and for this institution, and whose beloved figure as he moved among us, our teacher and friend and leader, we have this day recalled. We bless Thee for his rich endowment of mind and soul, for his penetrating understanding of the thought of men of many bygone centuries, for his spiritual insight which made him their sympathetic interpreter, for our memories of the hours in his classroom when he led us to appraise and appreciate their contribution to the faith and life of Thy Church, and for the books through which he, being dead, yet speaketh. May his example of painstaking scholarship, of resolute search for truth, of courage in stating that which Thou gavest him to see, of willingness to battle and sacrifice for Christian liberty, ever stand before the eyes of faculty and students here. Enrich this Seminary now and through the years to come with teachers of like spirit and keep all of us who have sat at his feet faithful to that mind which he strove to form in us and imitators of him as he followed Christ.

Gracious Father, continue Thy comfort to those to whom he was most near and dear, enabling them and us, his students and friends, to know ourselves still one with him forever in Thee, his and our dwelling-place, and to rejoice in the larger service which is his in that city to which Christ, whom he sought to know and obey, is the everlasting light. AMEN.

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

delivered in the James Memorial Chapel,
UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MAY 23, 1933.

SCHOLAR AND HISTORIAN

by

THE REVEREND AMBROSE W. VERNON, D.D.

WHEN I came to Union Seminary and, after four years of desultory collegiate living, settled down to work, two great men stamped their image upon my soul. Francis Brown helped me to conceive the kind of man God might speak to. Dr. McGiffert seemed to be constantly expecting that God would speak to me.

It has pleased Providence to permit me to sit under three superb teachers, Professor Ormond of Princeton, Professor McGiffert, and Professor Harnack of Berlin. I admired them all but Dr. McGiffert I loved. Quite the highest earthly reward of scholarly effort was to hear him say, "Exactly".

No lecturer, I dare to say, ever had a more limpid style. It let the complete thought of the lecturer slide into your mind. It came so easily and unimpeded that you were always ready to go on with him. He had the peace and proportion which come from utter understanding. Like all vigorous minds, he loved sensation; like all men of breeding, he held convention dear. For him, therefore, only Truth could be allowed to make a sensation. He rarely let one of these sensations deflect him from the main current of his thought but he usually tucked them in somewhere. One that he put in a footnote happened to be read and understood by some orthodox Presbyterian authorities and brought him quite unobtrusively into the simple Congregational Church where he had found his wife and where I happened to be the minister. It was the objectivity of his search for Truth, his most patent characteristic, which made his lectures teem with these quiet sensations. He never looked at a man through the eyes of others but always through his own. Out of that scrutiny the one examined came forth usually a new and hence astounding man. His conclusions on important matters differed so strikingly from ordinary conventional scholarly judgment that I never could quite understand his insistence on human powers. He never had an axe to grind, always rather a noble picture to frame. Yet as he framed them and hung them before our gaze, we felt that it was the framing of them and the hanging of them there together rather than the men themselves which fascinated

him. He always seemed to me to be approaching the giants of Christian history as he did his students and with much the same result. He gave them every chance to bring him a great disclosure of truth and always turned from each of them with a little smile of affectionate disappointment. But what he searched for was so great and even what he found was so interesting that he was always ready for the next man in the development. I wish he had called his last serene book "The Development of Christian Thought," for the secret of his magnificent insight lay in the fact that he always dug for the root of his personalities; it was the root and the soil that nurtured it, rather than the branches and the blossoms which interested him. By their roots ye shall know them. Yet perhaps it was the sap. For in listening to him or in reading him you seem to be following the flow of the living thought of the personality before him. Twigs never became trunks with him. What was essential to the figure he was considering was painted at full length, though it might be quite remote from his thought. His sense of proportion was almost infallible. He would have liked the great heroes of the faith to have been in harmony with his beliefs but never at the cost of failing to harmonize with their own. What he most prized was consistency. How he loved Paul and Marcion; how Luther irritated him! Yet for the inconsistent he had no scorn. The eternal conflict between the inherited and the original, between the accepted and the experienced, was too universal to be condemned. There were no wicked minds under his loving eager microscope only many unfortunate ones. He could not denounce the individual men who were enlisted in the same enterprise which commanded his unswerving loyalty and who, at his sympathetic questioning had opened their secret souls to him. If he had to denounce, he denounced impersonal groups, preferably mystics or ecclesiastics. Even then, he stopped well this side of scorn or sarcasm. He merely lamented their predilection for dim lights when the sun was shining. A modernist of the modernists by conviction, he was anything but modern in temper; he was too much of a gentleman, too knightly, to belittle or ridicule the shortcoming he so clearly saw.

But to only few has been granted the inestimable privilege of sitting in his lecture-room, of seeing the brilliant smile light up his finely chiseled face, of hearing the "to be sure" with which his ever present conscience threw a sop to orthodoxy and then of watching the confident raising and emphatic twitching of the fore-finger with which he used to accompany his radical "as a matter of fact". But one no longer hears and watches McGiffert; one reads him.

And if a man reads him, he reads the best that has been said and thought in the Christian Church from the beginning until now. The two volumes of his *History of Christian Thought*, his *Protestant Thought Before Kant* and *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* taken together are a quite unparalleled anthology of Christian theology, but an anthology preserved, imbedded, illumined in an un-

obtrusive but dominating personality which seems divinely appointed for this sacred task. He has not, indeed, presented the entire Christian movement. Some lesser spirit must supplement him by an equally objective and comprehensive history of Christian rites and organizations. A spirit of equal delicacy of insight must complete these great volumes by a history of Christian aspiration and piety. But because this master-spirit envisaged Christianity as a kingdom of spiritual thought, without forgetting that it was more, he was enabled to present it as a living and unified organism. It may well prove that his most enduring work as a church historian may prove to be his removal of those traditional landmarks which his predecessors had set, which marked off the important stages of growth of this sacred organism. When he was called to the chair of Church History in this his beloved Seminary and declared, "I know of no grander privilege than has now become mine", he startled the world of theological scholarship by declaring and by *proving* that the first great epoch of Church history closed not when Constantine consummated the union of Church and State but when Primitive Christianity passed over into Catholic Christianity by substituting the authority of the apostles for the authority of the Spirit. And I chanced to be present at the quiet session of the Church History Congress in Berlin under the presidency of Harnack when Dr. McGiffert, the young American, read a sensational paper in which he maintained that the Protestant Reformation was not the opening of the modern period of Christian thought but merely the closing of the old. The modern age arrived only in the days of the Enlightenment when the doctrine of the sinful nature of man fell away and man was found capable of making his own way to the God who had made him. How proud I was, after some moments of meditative silence, to see Harnack rise from his chair and guardedly admit the truth of the surprising thesis. Upon this boundary line between Catholic and Modern Christianity Dr. McGiffert has ever insisted from that day on. It was to him of vital significance. In the inaugural address at Union he had said, "It is the special task of the historian to discover whether Christianity has undergone any transformations and if so what they are." These were to him the two most significant ones, the passing from the authority of the Spirit to the closed canon of apostolicity and the passing out of it again to the freedom of human mind and conscience. The third epoch was to him the legitimate development of the first, something of a return to Christ. In his brief and inadequate summary of the teaching of Jesus in his final great work, he devotes an entire paragraph to Jesus' "high estimate of man's moral powers. He could summon his hearers to be perfect without ever suggesting that divine aid was needed. Of the pessimism . . . as of Paul and John there is no trace. The significance of this fact, overlooked as it often is, cannot be exaggerated". The decisive moment in Christian life and in Christian thought to this mighty wrestler with philosophic and theological systems was not concerned with the conception of Christ nor of God nor of the Church but rather with the estimate of man. The most vital thing for us and for the Church is not God, Christ or Truth in their

hidden reality but rather how are we to make our way toward them, by listening to the infrequent visits of the Spirit, by subjecting ourselves gratefully to the authority of the apostles or by consecrating ourselves to the purpose of God, as it is given us to see it. As Dr. McGiffert's sympathies and personality responded so much more to the first and third of these periods than to the second, it seems to me unfortunate that his maturest work was devoted so largely to the portrayal of the great souls of the second period. But it at least has provided for all church historians to come an almost incredible example of the deepest sympathy and understanding of a Protestant of the left for the heroic and faithful leaders of the Church in the period of its Catholic bondage. We cannot fail to grasp their hands in brotherhood, even though we hear him saying, "God has provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect".

His moral sympathy and his analytic power crossed at a much deeper stratum of his personality than in that of most men and therefore created a long procession of unique insights. He notes not only how early Christian doctrine became hardened into dogma but how it became sanctified into ritual. He catches Ambrose in substituting Stoic ethics for the ethics of Jesus for all the following centuries of Catholicism. A merry chuckle is imbedded in the printed page as he discovers Lactantius condemning virtue for the sake of human reward as selfishness but extolling virtue for the sake of divine reward as religion. He makes the root distinction between Augustinianism and Pelagianism unforgettable by his declaration that with Augustine God is end and with Pelagius means. With what delight he points out that Anselm was the first to work out a theory of the atonement which no longer subjected the innocent to the punishment of the guilty and that Aquinas solved his apparently impossible task of reconciling Aristotelian philosophy and Christian theology by distinguishing on the one hand between a natural and revealed theology and on the other between the organs of spiritual vision in this life and in that which is to come. How convincingly he points out that Zwingli's tolerance and Luther's intolerance were equally natural, that Luther sought but forgiveness or justification through his faith while Wesley insisted on transformation or sanctification through his. With what clear vision he differentiates between the Lutheran and Reformed theology, perhaps because he sympathized fully with neither. "Instead of giving the controlling place in Christian thought to a personal religious experience (as did Luther), he (Zwingli) gave it to a theoretical doctrine. Instead of viewing the Christian life as the free and spontaneous expression of gratitude to God, he conceived it as obedience to the divine will. Instead of finding the significance of the Bible in the proclamation of the gospel of God's forgiving love in Christ he found it in its revelation of the divine will and made it an authoritative code". How frankly he points out that Calvin trusted neither the natural nor the Christian man and that he had little sympathy with democracy. With what uncanny delicacy he distinguishes the divine effects of the twin sisters of Pietism and Evangelicism

by indicating that whereas Pietism was a protest against orthodoxy, the Evangelical revival was a protest against rationalism. With what sovereign power of generalization, he points out that Schleiermacher's subjectivizing of religion led theology to become a descriptive rather than a speculative science and ousted the philosophy of religion in favor of the psychology thereof. How deliciously he shows that the doctrine of omnipresence magnifies God while that of immanence magnifies the world. How a subdued flash of rare irony glistens in his contention that the old theology created a social solidarity for sinners but neglected to do as much for the redeemed. Who can deny his finding that a self-interpreting and infallible Bible is bound to have a slighter toe-hold on earth than an infallible Church?

These shafts of penetrating insight, but illustrative of more which have occurred to you, have made many of us wish that instead of being sent off as rockets while our dear master was examining the work of others, they might have been somehow wrought into great standing arc-lights for the illumination of a system of his own. But far more than Goethe did Dr. McGiffert believe that mastery reveals itself in recognizing limitation. He told me one day what I dare say he has told many others that he had become so used to the attitude of criticism that it was impossible for him to assume the task of theological construction. In a memorable address he called others to it, but it was not his to do. He therefore refused to be guilty of presumption in attempting it.

Another limitation, imposed upon himself by Dr. McGiffert, we must all have noticed and been guilty of regretting. Whenever he left the externals of church history for the elucidation of philosophies with which Christian doctrine had become entangled, it was as though he had finished washing dishes and was drawing up to the fireplace. Yet how little of his profound study of the great masters of philosophy has intruded into his books. Wherever Plato or Aristotle, even more notably, wherever Kant or Lotze or Fichte or Schelling or Hegel touched theology, there with a few lucid, penetrating sentences he placed us at the center of their religious thought. But a history of philosophy was not his to write. One of the clearest philosophic minds of his age, he retreated from discussions which must have brought him wider fame. Augustine, Abelard, Anselm, Clement, Origen were dearer to him than all the philosophers. His life and his thought centered upon, were pointed toward God, toward the God men worshipped who had turned their faces toward Christ. Yet his philosophical sympathies and theological convictions are clear. He bound his religion to the categorical imperative rather than to the reason. Not that he belittled the reason. Luther's supercilious attitude toward it annoyed him greatly. Few men have used it more or been more conscious of the impossible tasks it has been called to undertake. But have we not all felt that it is the Hebrew rather than the Greek strain in our Christian inheritance which he would fain make dominant? She who knew him most intimately said the other day, "His faith was like that

of a child". The unique and brilliant purity of his eyes said it also. The Greek mind, that sought to reach a substance of reality beyond the moral will, he believed muddled the soul. Reason to him was the shield of faith rather than its discoverer. "Lo I am come", he seems always asserting, "in all the volumes of my books it is written of me, to do thy will, my God". He knew that will. He did it. In the doing of it, every day, all day, in the delight and wonder of it, in its pure glory, he found his life. And his intellectual life was devoted to the task of keeping men from substituting anything else for it and of showing the inevitable disasters of such attempts. Baptism was lovely if it meant consecrating a child to the discovery and performance of that will. The Eucharist was allowable if indeed a feast of thanksgiving for the knowledge of that will and the sacrifice it entailed to embrace it. Otherwise the sacraments were dangerous affairs. So was immortality, the heart of my own faith. His present task of fulfilling the will of God was so much to him, so enthralling, that he grew impatient with those who could look to any other reward than the actual doing of it now. He could have said with Schleiermacher, "To be eternal every moment is the immortality of religion". In his very last days he clothed with the word "magnificent" a faith in which the sure hope of immortality gave quality and serenity and spring to morality, but from immortality as a stake for which we played he turned sharply away. If immortality came, he could only use it to do the will of God; that he was doing now; he would concentrate on that. A wise agnosticism regarding both the future life and ultimate reality seemed to him to aid in determined efforts for the social transformation of the world.

Hence, if we desire to label Dr. McGiffert, we shall do him least wrong if we label him a Ritschlian, a Ritschlian of the left rather than of the right, a Ritschlian who more and more emphasized the content of the will of God rather than its source, the revelation rather than the revealer. If one compared his earlier statements about Jesus with his later ones, one discovers that the "uniqueness" of Jesus has come to consist not in any original teaching about God, not even in any peculiar relationship to Him, but rather in his unparalleled insight and in the force of his personality. In his Yale Lectures, entitled "The God of the Early Christians", he bravely and modestly declares that the words of Jesus have "often been seriously misinterpreted, as, for example, in the first chapter of my own book on the apostolic age". Jesus winnows Judaism rather than transcends it. Through the impression which Jesus made upon men, the belief that the service of God consists in loving service to men, that the will of God is the love of our brethren, has more and more taken possession of the minds and hearts of men. To hold to that belief and to prove its validity in satisfying and creative living is far more important than to locate the precise spot from which it sprung. Dr. McGiffert is a Pragmatist whose translucent moral purpose wrapped itself about the postulate of God, projected that postulate into the struggles of life, overcame the world by it and hence proved it to be true.

If one wishes to find the essential Dr. McGiffert in his published writings, let him read his refreshing essay on "Protestantism" in which he contributed to a volume entitled, *The Unity of Religions* and then the thrilling chapters of *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* in which he sets forth the thought of Kant and Fichte and advances to such a presentation of the Ritschlian and Pragmatic positions that one feels, for all its objectivity, that he is setting forth his own belief. The faith of the Pragmatist, he declares, "utters no dogmas. It embodies itself in no creeds for the acceptance of others. To him who has it, it is all-sufficient and it asks no proof from without. It demands only that as it was won, in the same way it shall be kept, by living a life which fulfills God's good purpose and so makes him sure. If now and in all the ages to come our postulate of God vindicates itself in our experience and in those of our fellows who believe in him, there can be no completer proof that God is". There was deep spiritual affinity between him and Immanuel Kant. It is manifest in his profoundly lucid presentation of Kant's thought in this book where he thus envisages him: "Faith in God is an heroic deed. Religion is a creative act of the understanding". But this affinity is more sublimely evident in the heroism of their last days. Of his incurable disease, Kant said, "I have become master of its influence in my thoughts and actions by turning away from this feeling altogether, just as if it did not at all concern me." Those of us who were permitted to commune with Dr. McGiffert in his last days know that he might have expressed his own purposeful living exactly so.

Would there were opportunity for me to read to some of you a paper on "Communion with God" which Dr. McGiffert wrote for three or four of us and in which he distinguished his own conception of it from those he regarded as inadequate. On this fundamental concern of all religion he had most positive and clear-cut ideas. The paper is so close-knit that it seems like vivisection to tear these sentences from it: "Genuine communion with God to the Christian is the conscious and glad fulfilling of God's purposes as revealed in Christ . . . The moment it loses this active reference, it ceases to be communion with the Christian God, for his purpose as revealed in Christ is active purpose. The completest communion is active service in the conscious recognition of God's purpose. Communion with God is therefore not something divorced from Christian service, so that a man may commune *or* serve or commune *and* serve; the two are one. If quiet meditation is genuine communion at all it is so only in so far as it has to do with God's purposes and looks toward the actual fulfilling of them . . . To try to bring into a religion which makes active service its ideal, a conception of Communion taken from religions which have an altogether different ideal, is to injure Christianity and to obscure its real significance . . . The reality of this Communion with God is as certain as the reality of the Christian God himself."

IN MEMORIAM

In this holy hour it is not blasphemous to say, therefore, that our Communion with Dr. McGiffert need not cease with his death. If we do his will, we shall commune with him. And his will was so signally wrapt about doing the will of God that we may commune with them both at once. And as we follow his sublime purpose there will pass into us something of the dauntless heroism with which he pursued it, of the strength which was made perfect in his weakness, of the peace which the beautiful creations of God and men bestowed upon him, and of the unique and ineffable light which was mediated to us by his eyes but that did not originate with them. Thus endowed, there will be a richer tone in our voices as we declare: "I believe in the Communion of saints and in the life everlasting."

TEACHER AND FRIEND

by

THE REVEREND HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D.D.

IT SHOULD not be difficult in this company to speak about Dr. McGiffert as a teacher and a personal friend. Practically all of us here have been both his friends and his students, so that when one uses words about him, such as "courage", or about his teaching, such as "lucidity", one does not need, as in ordinary speaking, to labor at making the words meaningful. Such words about Dr. McGiffert come to all of us enriched by many memories.

Today, as one of his students, I simply remind you, who were also his students, of those extraordinary hours which we once spent in his lecture room, and of the abiding influence which they have left upon us.

We can see him yet half leaning over his desk, his notes in front of him but only occasionally used, his eyes commonly brooding on the floor at the side of the desk, once in a while looking briskly up, vigorously taking off his eye glasses and replacing them, talking, as it were, to himself as much as to us about the great events of church history and the major movements of Christian thought. How amazingly alert and alive he was! How strangely gripping the lecture became as it proceeded, its very simplicity a triumph of insight. How astonished we often were to discover that he actually had made us care about things which at first had seemed utterly uninteresting, and what is more had made us understand things which at first had seemed utterly recondite and mysterious.

Perhaps the first word that most of us would use about Dr. McGiffert's teaching would be clarity. His gift of lucid statement we seldom, if ever, have seen equalled and never have seen surpassed. Recently a young boy, making a list of the loveliest things he ever had experienced, put into his catalogue this phrase, "Looking into clear, deep water." Many an hour in Dr. McGiffert's classroom we have had an experience like that. Where at first in some period of tumultuous church history or vexed theological controversy everything had seemed roiled, we found ourselves to our amazement looking into clear, deep water.

Back of this extraordinary lucidity of statement lay Dr. McGiffert's historic imagination, his capacity, that is, to project himself into other people's ways of thinking, to leave, as it were, our modern categories altogether and for a time

IN MEMORIAM

see Christianity as some ancient century saw it. In this Dr. McGiffert was a true poet. So Browning had an amazing capacity to live in other people's experiences, as witness characters so diverse as Fra Lippo Lippi, and Bishop Blougram, Rabbi Ben Ezra, and the various personalities in *The Ring and the Book*. What Browning did for poetry's sake, Dr. McGiffert did for church history's sake. He became the people he talked about. He thought their thoughts. He caught their point of view. He spoke with their accent. Of course, Christian history lived again before our very eyes when he lectured on it.

Another element which all of us recall was his unerring instinct for the unifying and organizing idea in dealing with any era of church history or Christian thought. How he could drive a roadway through a jungle, so that the lie of the land became clear! How he could throw a shaft of light on that one integrating idea which brought order out of chaos! In every subject with which he wrestled he possessed, as another has put it, an instinct for the jugular vein.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as you recall, began his military career at the siege of Toulon, where one commander after another had broken down. Bonaparte, looking over the situation, put his finger on a fortress outside Toulon which nobody had supposed had much to do with the situation. Said Bonaparte, "There is Toulon!" Dr. McGiffert had a Napoleonic eye, a capacity for strategic simplification, a way of saying "There is Toulon!" which again and again enabled his students to seize the position which other approaches would have left uncaptured.

In this family circle of the seminary, one is tempted to more personal reminiscence. The first time I ever saw Dr. McGiffert was when, while I was still a boy in my preparatory course in Buffalo, he came to the city to give a single lecture on some era in church history. I do not recall what it was all about. I do remember the stimulating influence of his alert and eager mind. But one thing from that evening forty years ago stands clearly out. At the lecture's close somebody asked a question about some problem in early Christian history. After a pause, Dr. McGiffert said something like this: I remember that I studied that matter once very carefully, and that I came to a definite conclusion about it, but just what that conclusion was I cannot at this moment, for the life of me, recall. What was it in that answer which made it stick in a boy's memory? I think I know. It was the modesty and candor of a great scholar saying that he did not know, the reticent carefulness, and conscientiousness of a mind that would not give an answer even in a familiar field until he could recapitulate the thinking he had done upon it.

This leads us to remark that one powerful element in Dr. McGiffert's influence over his students lay in the fact that he made honesty of mind one of

the major Christian virtues. He never was preoccupied with defending anything. He never concealed anything. He never trimmed or evaded or practised subterfuge. His mind worked like some of the great printing presses, on public view downtown behind plate glass windows, through which anybody can look and see what is being done.

The scientific attitude in its spiritual implications was phrased long ago by Thomas Huxley in his famous letter to Charles Kingsley: "Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing." Well, Dr. McGiffert did that, so that far beyond anything he ever succeeded in teaching us in detail about the subjects on which he lectured, he served us well with the contagion of his honest and courageous mind.

As Arthur Guiterman wrote of another teacher:

"Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.
Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue
And taught as an elder brother.
I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught,
If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught,
For the farm boy he thought, thought he,
All through lecture time and quiz,
'The kind of a man I mean to be
Is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is.' "

I suspect that not many of us ever dreamed of being church historians like Dr. McGiffert, but surely all of us have gone out many a time from his lecture room wishing that we might have something like his straightforwardness and honesty of mind.

Nevertheless, when one has spoken thus of all those qualities of intellect by the devoted use of which Dr. McGiffert has put us all under an unpayable debt, we have not said that deep thing which lies behind. He was a humble, gentle, unassuming, loyal disciple of Jesus. He was teachable, sensitive, receptive, often positively childlike in his simplicity and open-mindedness. Combined with his great learning this quality in him was captivating. He was very brilliant, but his brilliance never shone in his own eyes. Known around the world for his scholarship, and so vigorously intellectual that none could mistake the alertness and energy of his mind, his devout religious life was not to everyone so obvious. He was commonly reticent about the deepest sources of his power. He disliked display, and was, to a degree astonishing in one so renowned, very retiring and modest. Those who knew him publicly could sense his strength of intellect and

IN MEMORIAM

character. Those who knew him privately understood the deep wellsprings of the soul from which his power flowed. He once said to a friend that rarely did five minutes of the day pass without inward prayer. His power, as Ruskin said, was not in him but through him, and in consequence, because he counted it not his own but a trust, he was one of the most humble, self-effacing Christian men his friends have ever known.

The last few years of his life put the crowning test upon this his Christian faith and courage, and how nobly he met that test we all know. *Pilgrim's Progress* was written in a jail! Dr. McGiffert's last books, the two invaluable volumes on *The History of Christian Thought*, were written in prison too. Under the crippling limitations of physical illness he did his work with tenacious courage. Those books represent vast learning. They also represent the spiritual victory of a great Christian soul over adverse circumstance.

